

Sounds by Jancys_Blue_Bayou

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Summary:

There's so many sounds he loves. He loves the sound of the little base riff just before the outro on Atmosphere by Joy Division. He loves the sound of the shutter on his camera, because it means a moment worth capturing just transpired. He loves the sound of Will's bubbly laughter. He loves the sound of his mother's voice as she sings an old The Mamas & The Papas song to herself in the kitchen.

But he's discovered that more than anything else, he loves the sounds of Nancy. She just makes the best sounds?! All kinds of sounds. Even better is that he can make her make the sounds. In descending order, his top three sounds of Nancy are...

Sounds

Author's Note:

This grew from an anon prompt: "quick smut fic where nancy is blowing jonathan and starts to hum/ moan around his dick and its too much for him to handle and he comes instantly". For the record set in 1985 because of songs mentioned in the fic, heh. Enjoy!

There's so many sounds he loves. He loves the sound of the little bass riff just before the outro on *Atmosphere* by Joy Division. He loves the sound of the shutter on his camera, because it means a moment worth capturing just transpired. He loves the sound of Will's bubbly laughter. He loves the sound of his mother's voice as she sings an old The Mamas & The Papas song to herself in the kitchen.

But he's discovered that more than anything else, he loves the sounds of Nancy. She just makes *the best* sounds?! All kinds of sounds. Even better is that *he* can make her make the sounds. In descending order, his top three sounds of Nancy are:

#3: The cute little huff she lets out when he stumps her when they're teasing each other with banter. She's so smart, so quick, so funny, so sassy but every so often he'll throw something out which she has no answer to other than that cute little exasperated huff. It's usually followed by her pulling him in by the collar for a kiss, which is even better.

#2: The little whining noise she makes when he in the morning gently untangles himself from her to get up and make breakfast for them. Or, more specifically how it turns into a bit more content noise when he drops a kiss to her temple, forehead, cheek or nose and tucks her in more under the covers.

#1: The frankly indescribable noise she makes when she cums. The noise has some slight variations depending on the circumstances, if he's used his tongue, fingers or both at the same or other parts, if he's kept her teasingly on the edge to draw it out or if he's gotten her over

the edge quickly, desperate to hear her make that noise, desperate to hear her feel good, pleased, satisfied. So it can vary, but to its core it's always the same. It's so light. It's like a high-pitched moan but at the same time it's whimpery and completely breathless. It's amazing. It's also always preceded by similar brilliant noises as she's on her way there, as she's climbing higher and higher until she reaches her peak where waves of pleasure rolls over her and she's lost in the waves. There's really nothing better than that, taking Nancy to that place.

He's brought back to the present, to the moment, by another sound. See, he started thinking about this, started making this list in his head to distract himself, to calm himself down slightly in an effort to make it last longer. Because Nancy is on her knees in front of him and she has his dick in her mouth and good *God* he can't handle it when she does this. It doesn't take much for him to get aroused when Nancy is around. Frankly, often times it's enough with a certain *look* from her for him to start to get hard. When she starts making out with him and then lets her hand travel down his body, all the way down inside his pants, like she did a minute ago, he's instantly rock-hard. She's just *intoxicating*. So when she got on her knees, pulled down his pants and boxers and started to suck his cock, he was almost a goner right away because she's just too much. It's the most amazing feelings and sensations and he wants them to last just a little bit longer, to elongate it just a bit. Because it's so heavenly. So he tried distracting himself by thinking of other things. But it proved almost impossible given how his mind is singularly occupied by Nancy. He had tried to think about music, something he loves, but music led to sounds and sounds led right back to Nancy.

And now a new sound of hers has drawn him right back into the moment he tried to distract himself from. *She's fucking humming along to the New Order song playing from the mix tape in the background.* It comes out muffled, because of his cock between her lips, and whimpery because she's simultaneously rubbing two fingers in circles over her clit, but he can clearly make out the melody. It sounds incredible. It drives him crazy and up the wall, it makes his mind hazy and blank at the same time. And when she reaches the chorus, he's definitely a goner. He bucks into her mouth and cums with a moan and a shudder. His knees almost buckle. When he's emptied

himself and she's pulled away from his cock with a light giggle, he falls backwards onto the bed. She's amazing.

She pulls the last few items of clothing she had on off before joining him on the bed, jumping down on her knees beside him where he lies on his back trying to recover. She beams down at him, reaches out and pushes the hair out of his face.

"What's this song called?" She asks.

"*The Perfect Kiss*," he answers.

"Fitting," she giggles and leans down and captures his lips with hers.

Yeah, fitting. He's had about a million of those from her.

"Fuck, you're amazing," he tells her.

"I love you," she blushes.

"I love you."

He reaches out and puts his hands on her hips, tugging her up towards him. She gets the hint, smiles and follows the motion, straddling his face. She's dripping wet and tastes fantastic. When he finds a particular sweet spot with his tongue she presses her thighs around him and tugs a little on his hair which she gripped in her hands. He moves his hands from her asscheeks to her thighs and tugs them apart, or tries to, rather. She lifts her pussy up from his mouth.

"Fuck, sorry, can you breathe?" She pants, out of breath herself.

"Yes, but I wanna hear you," he grins.

She smiles, blushes and shakes her head at him all at once. She spreads her legs instead of pressing them tight around his head. Not the first time her previous ballet experience has come in handy for their sexual exploits. She's very limber. Which is insanely great. And her new position not only enables him to hear her moans and whimpers, but it also grants him new, deeper access to her pussy. He can really get to work in making her make his favorite noise now.

"Oh my fucking God Jonatha-" she gets out in a big moan. Yep, the slight repositioning works wonders.

He briefly reflects on how she really does have a potty mouth despite normally being soft-spoken, and how both those things are kind of hot. He also thanks their lucky stars that they're home alone, given her volume.

By the time he gets her to the point where she makes the mesmerizing noise, he's starting to get hard again. Just seeing and hearing her in pleasure turns him on so bad. She almost falls over when she cums but he keeps her steady with his hands on her hips and she rolls against him as the waves of pleasure rolls through her.

She lifts her left leg and gets off his face. She mirrors his wide smile and lays down on his arm, pressing kisses to his lips and cheek before settling in the crook of his neck.

"What's this song called?" She asks when drums, bass and distorted guitars kicks in.

The mix tape has moved on from New Order, Talking Heads, The Cure and Depeche Mode to a single from a new band he just heard and instantly had to get on tape because it reminded him so much of Nancy.

"*Just Like Honey*," he tells her. "By The Jesus and Mary Chain. It made me think of you."

Listen to the girl

as she takes on half the world

"I like it," she smiles and presses another kiss to his cheek.

Moving up and so alive

in her honey dripping beehive

Beehive

It's so good, so good, it's so good

So good

She giggles into his neck.

"What?" He chuckles.

"Nothing it's just, that sounds kind of sexy. Especially the way he sings it. Did that make you think of me too?" She sultrily whispers into his ear.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he smiles shyly, feigning ignorance.

"Hm. Well I know symbolism when it's staring me in the face," she grins.

"Oh you do?" He teases.

"Feel my honey dripping beehive," she then throws out and takes his hand and moves it to her pussy. His cheeks flush at the pure, unfiltered sass, but he recovers.

"Well it is sweet, and you are dripping," he throws back and moves his hand to his mouth to taste her off his fingers. He succeeds in making her cheeks flush in turn.

I'll be your plastic toy

I'll be your plastic toy

For you

"Well that settles the symbolism matter," Nancy giggles.

"Oh yeah?" He replies in a husky voice.

"Yep. You're way more than this of course but I certainly don't need a plastic toy when I've got these," she says and captures his lips with hers in a deep kiss, slipping her tongue in his mouth. "And this," she continues when they break apart for air, and grasps his half-hard cock again.

She starts jerking him off. His breath hitches in his throat. She slips her tongue in his mouth again, finding his. He holds her close with one arm. He moves his other hand down to her pussy again and rubs his fingers over her clit. He lets a finger slip inside of her. She's slippery wet. Soon as he's fully erect again she straddles his hips. She slowly sinks down on his cock. They both let out deep, long moans when she does it. She leans forward and captures his lips again. He eagerly responds to the kiss and wraps his arms around her, holding her close as she slowly starts to move against him. They've got all the time in the world to take it slow and enjoy this. He grunts as he bucks against her, working with her movements. She whimpers against his lips.

"I love hearing you too," she whispers in his ear. She buries her face there, nibbling a little on his earlobe, which drives him nuts, and whimpering and moaning right in his ear. He moans, shudders and groans right in hers in turn as she continues to ride him.

Yes, her sounds, he'll never be over her sounds he thinks later as he cums deep inside of her in a direct reaction to her pussy squeezing and tightening around him so gloriously when she came just prior. Their moans have morphed into one.

Just like honey

Just like honey

Just like honey

Just like honey

Just like honey

Just like honey...